

one hundred cents on the dollar! My name without the shadow of a stain, and life all before me!"

He was treading air as he left the lawyer's office. He would yet build a grand edifice on the ruins of the old! He took from his pocket a card filled with memoranda.

There was an office boy recently in his employ to recommend, some trifling personal bills to adjust, and—Miss Bonney.

His face brightened when he was home again, with thoughts of the true, loyal persons who had been not only his employees, but his friends. Miss Bonney! His heart gladdened as he recalled the occasion, three years before, when he had given this poor, friendless girl, a position in his office. Her gratitude, urging the most devoted service, had made him respect and value her. She had been "his right hand man." More than once, gazing at her sweet quiet face, he had thought of a home with such a precious being as its mistress, but waited, waited, "until his ship had come in for certain."

Four days previous, when it was known that the business was on the rocks, Amy Bonney had gone home, ill. Wilfred remembered now that she had not sent for her salary. He consulted his little store of money.

Wilfred found her in a neat, modest cottage, her aged mother its housekeeper. She blushed and paled, and looked wistful and then trembled, as he handed her the money. Her eyes glowed sympathetically with his own when he told of his unknown benefactor.

"I shall not forget the most helpful assistant I ever had, when I get on my feet again," said Wilfred brightly. "I am very sorry to see you out of employment."

"Oh, I shall soon find a new position," declared Amy. "A relative left us a small amount of money a short while ago, and I could almost wait till you need a stenographer again, Mr. Ashton, which I know will be

soon. It is all you—you!" she cried, in a burst of fervent emotion, "who gave me work and encouragement when we were down at the lowest ebb. I shall never forget it."

"It seems to me that I am receiving nothing but blessings in my own darkest hour," replied Wilfred movingly.

"There is another thing," said Amy. "You remember Mr. Judson, the old inventor who was hurt at your plant. You pensioned him off, you know. Ever since then he has been trying to invent a new counting machine. I—that is, I have encouraged him. He was here yesterday, and he is sure, oh, so very sure, that he is near to perfecting his invention."

Two evenings later, a messenger brought Wilfred a note, asking him to call at the home of Miss Bonney. When he arrived he found old Abel Judson there.

"I've made it!" cried the inventor enthusiastically. "The double ratchet did it. The dream of years! And all for you, who were so kind to me, and this dear girl, who financed me! My invention is perfected—a counting machine that will drive Wardells out of the field."

It was true. One hour later, after an inspection of the invention, Wilfred knew that Judson had at last won fame and a fortune.

Only one thing would the inventor agree to—that Wilfred was to become his partner. In three months capital was found, in six the old plant was running again. At the end of the year Wilfred and Amy were man and wife.

"I am making money so fast," he said to his happy helpmate one evening, "that I will be able to pay up the two thousand dollars so generously given me when I failed."

Amy reached within her pocket. She drew out a scrap of paper. In amazement Wilfred regarded the I. O. U.

"Don't you understand?" she cried